The ayme of all is but to nourſe the life,
With honor, wealth, and eaſe in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In hauing much torments vs with defect
Of that we haue: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting TARQVIN make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his luſt,
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake.
Then where is truth if there be no ſelfe-truſt?
When ſhall he thinke to find a ſtranger iuſt,
When he himſelfe, himſelfe confounds, betraies,
To ſclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now